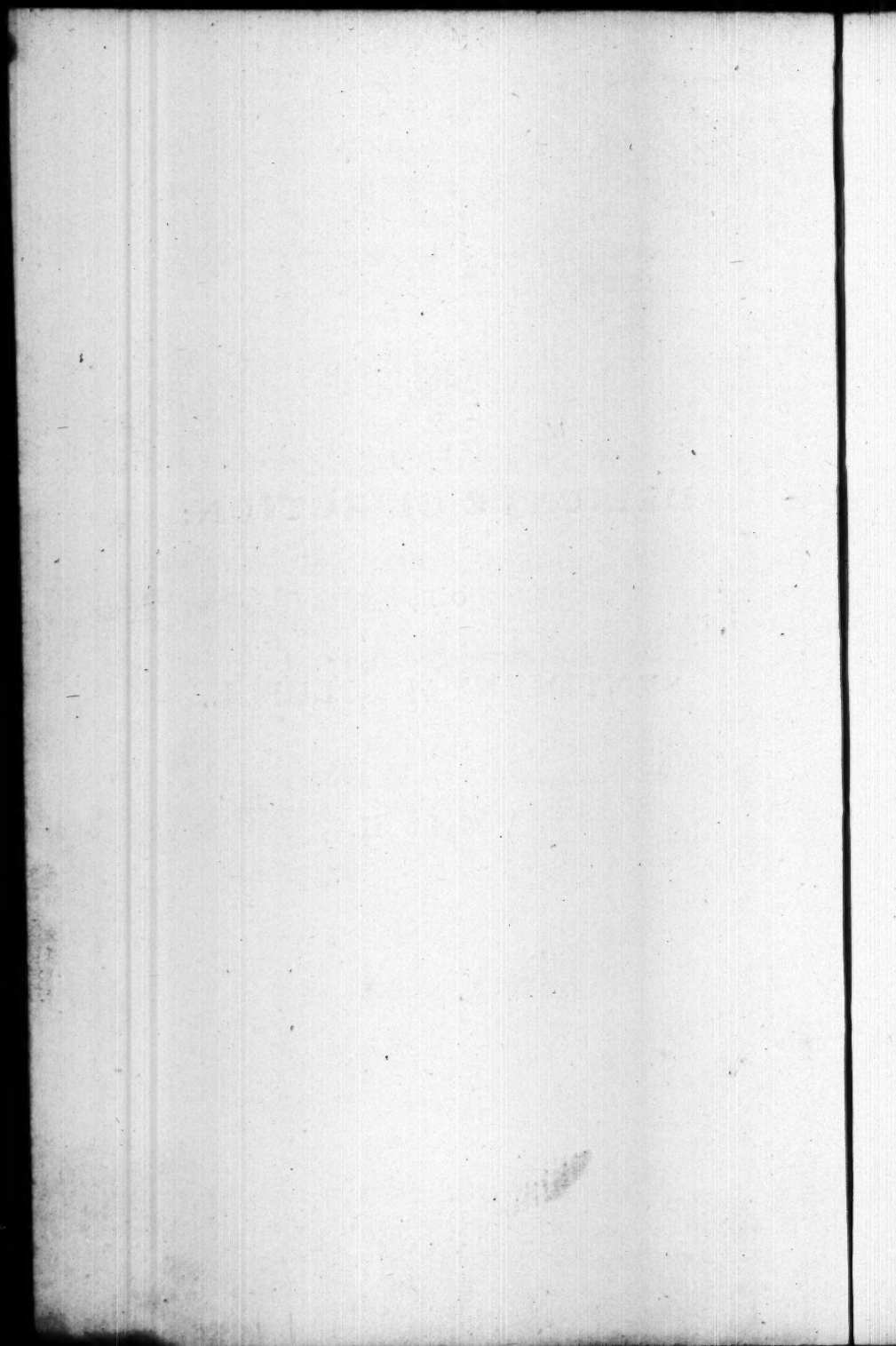


THE
DELICATE OBJECTION:
OR,
SENTIMENTAL SCRUPLE.

VOL. II.



THE
DELICATE OBJECTION:

OR,

SENTIMENTAL SCRUPLE.

VOL. II.

Amor animi arbitrio sumitur, non ponitur.

SENECA.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED FOR W. LANE, NO. 33,
LEADEN-HALL-STREET.
MDCCLXXV.

THE

DELICATE QUESTION

OF

SENTIMENTAL SCIENCE

VOL. II.

AMERICAN SCIENCE SERIES

Series

J. O. W. D. M.

PRINTED FOR M. J. L. L. L.

LEADER-MANUFACTURER

Series

T H E
DELICATE OBJECTION.

L E T T E R XXIV.

FROM FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

T O

SIR JAMES BELMONT.

DEAR BELMONT,

Bath—

I AM on the very verge of destruction—all my hopes frustrated——my peace of mind irrecoverably gone.

Excuse me—pity me—for the adorable, the amiable Fanny Grinly is lost !

VOL. II.

B

Perhaps

Perhaps she is at this moment——
But let me not figure what will finish
my despair.

Dear Belmont, you think I rave—
I have cause—O! that I was totally
bereaved of my senses—I might enjoy
some rest, through the want of re-
flection; but while I retain the fa-
culty of thinking, I must be miser-
able.——

But to let you understand my mis-
fortunes, I'll be as cool as possible,
and proceed with as much regularity
as my scattered senses will permit.

* * * * *

Having

Having been upon a visit to a gentleman in Park-lane, I staid late, and my servant, through some omission, not bringing my carriage according to order, I determined to walk home.

The night was dismally dark, and very rainy.

Taking, as if by sympathy, the way of Berkley-square, in Hill-street, I heard at a distance a kind of bustle —I hastened to the place.

On my approach, I perceived, by the light of a lamp, two ruffians who

B 2

were

were attempting to rob a gentleman. Each held a pistol to his breast, and both swore with great vehemence.—

But what greatly surprized me was, that the gentleman, though he had no weapon wherewith to defend himself obstinately refused to deliver his property ; and, without appearing to be the least intimidated by the danger of his situation, uttered, with great volubility, the most provoking language, and abused the robbers in terms so opprobrious and scurrilous, that it was amazing their resentment did not prove mortal to him.

I drew

I drew my sword, and attacked the
villains.

One of them fired a pistol at me—
I heard the ball whiz by my head ;
but happily it did me no damage.

I returned the salute by a full lunge
—my sword entered his body, and he
fell to the ground.

The other ran away ; but upon the
stranger calling out *stop thief*, he was
seized by some chairmen, who assisted
us to take them both to the watch-
house.

A surgeon was sent for to the wounded man, who dressed his wounds, and pronounced them not mortal.

But the stranger's behaviour was truly whimsical. The chairman, as might naturally be expected, requested some reward for their trouble, or, as they phrased it, "something to make them drink:" the stranger, with an arch sneer, told them, that he would freely give them a reward, if they could produce a certificate to avouch that they were more honest than the rogues they had apprehended.

To

To this kind of reasoning they made no answer, but applied to me—I gave them a guinea, and they departed thoroughly satisfied.

The old gentleman eyed me with a look of contempt; and, instead of thanking me for the service I had rendered him, blamed my foolish generosity, as he termed it, to the chairmen; “but,” continued he sarcastically, “light come, light go; you, perhaps, may get your money not less dishonestly, though more fashionably than these rogues that are now in durance. Some villains pad it on foot, while others loll at their

“ ease in a coach ; the situation is all
 “ chance, the sentiment equally atro-
 “ cious. But,

“ Little villains must submit to fate,
 “ That great ones may enjoy the world in
 “ state.”

“ Nay, these very rings, this watch,
 “ and the money I have preserved,
 “ may be preserved to a bad purpose,
 “ for, on my demise, they may, per-
 “ haps, legally come to the possession
 “ of much greater knaves than those
 “ who would illegally have taken
 “ them. It is very likely, that by
 “ chance I may pay away the very
 “ money to-morrow to some trades-
 “ man, who may, in reality, merit
 “ it less than these fellows.”

I was

I was astonished at this strange harangue, when the constable of the night winking at me, thus addressed himself to the old gentleman.

“ As your honour seems to be a
 “ good-natur’d genman, and pities
 “ these poor fellows, I thinks, per-
 “ haps, as how your worship will
 “ forgive them—mayhap they’ll ne-
 “ ver do so no more.”

The old gentleman was scarlet in a moment.

“ I forgive them,” exclaimed he,
 “ yes, truly, a pretty joke indeed ;

“ and they’ll never do so any more :
 “ no, no, I believe that, I’ll forgive
 “ them freely if they do after they’re
 “ hang’d.”

I was more amazed than ever. The constable, however, put an end to my astonishment, by whispering in my ear, “ that the old gentleman was no
 “ other than Sir John Grinly ; a
 “ man,” said he, “ noted for being
 “ queer. Lard, Sir, he delights in
 “ these night-rambles ; and if the
 “ lamps don’t burn to please him, he’s
 “ sure to break ’em ; why, we’ve had
 “ him here, Sir, fifty times for ca-
 “ ning the watchmen ; but they all
 “ know

“ know him, and we always let him
 “ go; for his good lady and daugh-
 “ ter, Heaven blefs them, as soon as
 “ we tells ’em our fstory, pays us like
 “ Trojans; ah, Lord love ’em, we’ve
 “ often been drunk at their expence
 “ —good fouls—fo that we’re glad
 “ to fee Sir John’s frolicks. Why,
 “ Sir, if you was to fee his daughter,
 “ you’d be ftruck all of a heap, her
 “ beauty would make you go mad;
 “ fhe is, Sir, without telling a word
 “ of a lye, the fweteft, prettyeft,
 “ generoufeft, lovelieft crater, that
 “ ever God created on the longeft
 “ fummer’s day.”

Though the orator was so gross a blockhead, I could not help being pleased with the eulogium on the amiable Miss Grinly ; and even the absurdities of Sir John, which were a moment before very disgusting, and near angering me, became now quite pleasing, and his singularities, as soon as I knew him to be my charmer's parent, were delightful.

Such power hath love over our sentiments.

The watchmen then begged something to drink, but by their arch looks did not seem to expect it.

Sir John, however, replied, " Aye,
 " aye, I'll give you something, be-
 " cause you're paid by the parish to
 " do a duty which you neglect—you
 " are no hypocrites—you snore open-
 " ly in the streets—here rascals, here's
 " money for you; now go and get
 " drunk; regard nothing; be, if
 " possible, more neglectful than ever;
 " nay, rather than there should be no
 " disturbance, make some yourselves."

They laughed in their sleeves, pro-
 mised faithfully to regard his injunc-
 tions, and assured him that not one of
 them would be sober by the morning.

He seemed mightily pleased.

They

They then offered to light him home, but he told them, that had it been a bright, moon-light night, he would have accepted their offer—but as it was *infernally dark* (his own expression) he chose to grope his way.

I begged leave to see him safe—he returned me no answer, but seemed to growl consent.

I accordingly accompanied him—We no sooner arrived at the door of his house, but, instead of announcing his desire of admittance by using the knocker, or ringing the bell, he turned his back to the door, and knocked
vehe-

vehemently with his heel. A servant, who knew his custom, and always waited up for him, immediately opened the door, which he instantly ordered to be shut in my face, without even wishing me good night.

Yet I could not help venerating even the foibles of this *outré*, and unaccountable old gentleman—so nearly connected with my ideas of the amiable daughter, was every thing which had the least relation or affinity to her.

But the post is going off—I must refer some most singular and unfortunate

[16]

nate circumstances to my next, and
in the mean time remain

Yours, &c.

FRANCIS DALTON.

L E T.

LETTER XXV.

FROM FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

TO

SIR JAMES BELMONT.

BELMONT,

London——

I SHALL now resume my narrative.——

A something, for which I could not account, prevented me from proceeding towards home, and detained me in Berkley-square, round which I walked several times; at length growing fatigued, I determined to retire,
and

and had proceeded to the top of Hay-Hill, when, thro' an unaccountable sympathy, I turned about to look back ; and, horrible to imagination ! perceived innumerable curling flames, rendered dreadfully red by the darkness of the night, issue from Sir John Grinly's house, and burn with an amazing rapidity.

This at any time, or in any circumstances, would have been a shocking spectacle to a person of the least feeling ; but where a lover's sensibility was concerned, the idea is too horrid for expression to paint.

You

You feel the passion——figure to yourself then, Belmont, my situation.

I flew on the wings of distraction—I knocked violently at the door—I alarmed the neighbourhood, to gain assistance——I stamped—raved—and called the watch—but, unfortunately, the principal part of them had, with a too scrupulous punctuality, regarded Sir John Grinly's injunctions, and were either absent, or so much intoxicated with liquor, as to be totally incapable of assisting in this dreadful calamity.

At

At length an engine and some fire men appeared.

While some were preparing the engine, and others opening the plugs, I, by bribes, induced a few to force open the street door.

This was no sooner effected, but the lovely Miss Grinly, frantic with fear, and in no other dress but an under petticoat, and loose bed gown, darted from the staircase, and was in an instant in my arms, where she fainted.

My

My situation was inexpressible——
 lost between ecstacy and anxiety, I was
 immoveable, and scarce knew whether
 the scene before me was real or ima-
 ginary.

To press the soft object of my ten-
 derest wishes to my bosom, to feel her
 lovely tender limbs curling round me,
 while her cheek was laid close to
 mine, and her balmy breath gently
 bedew'd my face, gave me emotions
 I had never before felt: but, on the
 contrary, to consider the circumstances
 that reduced her to this situation, the
 dreadful scene before me, and her pre-
 sent condition, these were objects that
 distracted

distracted me, and were for some time near to deprive me of sensation.

At length recovering a little, I started as from a reverie, and hastily bore my charmer to some distance from the scene of conflagration, and craved the assistance of two ladies, who were looking through a window.

They humanely ordered me admittance, and administered every thing in their power to recover the lady.

Their endeavours succeeded—in a few minutes she opened her lovely eyes, and having a little recollected herself, dissolved into tears.

I was

I was not sorry to see this, as I judged it would prevent her from relapsing into another fit.

She soon, however, began to exclaim, O my parents !—my parents !—my dear parents !—my parents are lost !——O my mother !—my tender mother !——

Another flood of tears succeeded. Then observing me, she cried, O ! Mr. Dalton, if you have the least compassion or generosity, see if my parents are safe.

I did

I did not stand to reply—I flew, to oblige my trembling charmer, to the spot of calamity.

Several engines were hard at work—they had in some measure reduced the fury of the flames.

But now a material object attracted my whole attention.—The old lady crying for assistance, she had got to the dining-room, and opened a window, and with great vehemence called for help: as the staircase was in flames, it was impossible to save her by that means; I therefore pulled out my purse, and offered it to any person

son who could instantly procure a ladder.

Observing the proffered reward, several persons, anxious to obtain it, flew from the spot like lightening, and, one of them returned with a ladder in less than a minute. I gave him the purse, and rearing the ladder against the house, took the old lady through the window, and brought her safe to the ground.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

TO

SIR JAMES BELMONT,

IN CONTINUATION OF THE
FOREGOING.

BELMONT,

London—

NO sooner did the old lady find herself safe, and had lost those terrors which are natural when personal security is so deeply concerned, but she vehemently exclaimed, O! my daughter!—my dear lost daughter!—my Fanny is no more—my child is burnt!—

I endea-

I endeavoured to pacify her, and succeeded by assuring her, that her daughter was perfectly safe. This made her something easier, and she grew sufficiently cool to return me thanks for the service I had rendered her ; but her anxiety was again renewed by the uncertainty of what was become of her husband ; for notwithstanding his oddities and unaccountable temper, she bore him a real affection : however, she was again made easy on this head, by one of the firemen, who assured her that Sir John was safe ; but it was with great difficulty that they had saved him, for he absolutely refused to leave his apart-

ments till he had found an old faithful servant, that he would not, he said, have burnt for the universe.—

This old faithful servant was no other than a crab stick, that he used instead of a walking cane, and valued, as he always affirmed, above any other piece of property which he could call his own: this he at last found; but had been so long looking for it, that the firemen, as well as himself, were all in imminent danger of their lives; and this crab stick was the only article he seemed desirous of saving, though he might, with much greater ease, have saved many articles infinitely more valuable.

Lady Grinly being satisfied respecting her husband's safety, enquired where he was?—the man informed her, he was on the back part of the house, where, with the greatest calmness, he attentively beheld the destruction of his house and property, and, instead of appearing in the least affected by the dreadful calamity, he stood declaiming in praise of fires in general, averring, that though to the ignorant they might appear as evils, that the wise must certainly deem them benefits; that if any ill could accrue from them, it was only partial, since the more general service they were of to mechanics, and artificers,

was a real good ; that if any person was burnt in a fire, it ought to be looked upon in the light of an execution, where one suffers for the benefit of many ; for as an executed criminal is made a public example of, in order to deter others from following their vicious courses, so a person, who falls a sacrifice to the impetuosity of a fire, seems designed by Providence as a warning to the indolent or thoughtless to be more careful of their lights, and more diligent in preventing such calamities, lest the dreadful consequences should fall upon themselves.

While

While Sir John, to the astonishment of every one who heard him, was indulging himself in these sentiments, and uttering such singular opinions, our intelligencer left him.

As the lady was easy concerning her husband, she begged me to conduct her to her daughter, giving me, at the same time, her hand.

I led her to the house where I had left the amiable Fanny ; but—excuse me—I cannot proceed at present.

DALTON.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

T O

SIR JAMES BELMONT.

BELMONT,

London—

I WAS too much affected with my subject to continue the dreadful narrative in my last—but I'll now proceed.

When we arrived at the house where I had left Miss Grinly, to my very great astonishment I was informed she was gone—"Gone!" exclaimed I.

"Yes,

“ Yes, gone, Sir,” replied the servant.

“ Impossible,” cried I, “ for when I left her here she was almost naked”——

One of the ladies now entered, and informed me, that soon after I departed, the young lady begged the favour of a few cloaths, to render her appearance a little more decent—her request was readily granted, and she had no sooner huddled on the cloaths brought to her, but being under the greatest anxiety of mind, and urged by the apprehension of her parents

danger, she, in spite of every persuasion to the contrary, flew from the house, to be satisfied concerning their situation, and had not since returned.

This was a thunder-clap to me—and the old lady, to complete my distraction, viewed me with an eye of indignation—I could perceive, she suspected me of having acted in a sinister manner; however, by the most solemn asseverations, I cleared myself from the imputation, and begged she would remain there while I went in search of her daughter.

I re-

I repaired, with a lover's expedition, to the fire—I pushed through the mob, I examined the face of every one, I made all imaginable enquiries, but in vain—I could hear nothing of my charmer.

But what was my affliction, when a flying report began to circulate among the populace assembled upon the occasion, that a young lady was burnt; this greatly alarmed me for a considerable time, till I discovered, that the circumstances originated from my enquiries.

I began to revive—the fire being entirely got under, the people dis-

perfed, and the firemen, except a very few, repaired to their refpective habitations.

Between hope and fear, I tremblingly approached the houfe where I had left lady Grinly ; I flattered myfelf that the amiable object of my wifhes might be returned ; I knocked at the door in great perturbation of mind, and demanded, the moment it was opened, if the young lady was yet returned.

But my agitation is inconceivable, when I was answered in the negative.

A fer-

A servant, who was dispatched in search of Sir John, was more successful than I had been.

Sir John arrived at the house; and, to the surprize of every one present, was uncommonly chearful.

They remained there that night, and the next morning removed to a relation's in Grosvenor-square.

The amiable Fanny Grinly has not yet been heard of, neither have we the least circumstance to lead towards a discovery of the reason of her disappearing in a manner so unaccountable.

Sir

Sir John never mentions his daughter's name—his lady is inconsolable—and I am almost in a state of distraction.

DALTON.

LET

LETTER XXVIII.

FROM FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

T O

SIR JAMES BELMONT.

BELMONT,

London—

NO tidings yet of Miss Grinly, nor the least intelligence by which to commence a search, or found any hopes of restoring her to liberty ; for she certainly must be closely confined, or she would, without doubt, have written to her mamma.

But

But though we have not any prospect of comfort, there is an additional cause of sorrow.

Sir John being greatly indisposed, took to his bed—a physician was sent for, but he absolutely refused to let him come near him, and so greatly agitated his whole frame, by throwing himself into a passion, that his disorder was greatly encreased, and he strenuously insisted upon receiving no medicine except Dr. James's Fever Powder ; which, however good of itself, was by no means proper in his present case.

The

The phyfician declared it would be immediate death in the prefent circumftances.

But all remonftrances were in vain.

He was determined.—

He took the powders, and in about three hours time expired.

Thus he died, as he had lived, a martyr to the obftinacy of his temper, and a difpofition abfurdly unfocial.

I had forgot to mention, that one of the fellows who attempted to rob him,

him, turned evidence, and in consequence of his information, a large gang of desperate ruffians were apprehended, among whom were the identical two men who robbed you in Devonshire, as appeared by their confession before execution ; for seven were condemned to die, and those two amongst them.

I have a disagreeable task at present.——

Compelled by natural sympathy, as well as an unalterable affection for the daughter, to visit the mother daily, in order to console her, I am obliged to appear

appear chearful, with daggers rank-
ling in my heart.

By attempting to sooth her sorrows,
I encrease my own; and knowing the
falaciousness of the arguments I use
in order to calm her affliction, my
torments are redoubled. This at pre-
sent is the melancholy situation of the
miserable

DALTON.

P. S. I have wrote to you several
succeedive posts, but received no an-
swer.—Remain no longer silent, I en-
treat—I want a friend's consolation.

L E T-

LETTER XXIX.

FROM SIR JAMES BELMONT,

T O

FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

DEAR FRANCIS,

Bath.—

IT is neither to a want of friendship, nor carelessness in point of punctuality, that you are to ascribe my silence; but to the severity of a disorder which for the space of two weeks confined me to my bed.

It

It was, however, the happiest affliction I ever received, the pain of the disorder being totally lost in the pleasure of which it was productive.

Lady Beamwell was greatly alarmed at my situation—she sent hourly to enquire concerning the state of my health—she has thrown off the mask—she is no longer what she affected to be ; for I have the most circumstantial conviction that her behaviour was affected, only to probe my disposition to the quick.

In fine, she has resumed herself again—she goes to no public place—
sees

fees no company—and is only restrained by that timidity, rendered habitual to the sex by the documents of infancy, and enforced by decorum in more mature years, from flying to my bed side.

My weakness obliges me to lay down the pen awhile.

But this eminent distinction, these kind condescensions to a lover, consuming in the flame of uncontrollable passion, loses half their efficacy, while I reflect that you are unhappy, I cannot taste joy, and know my friend to
be

be in pain; his misery becomes my own, and I partake, in sympathy, one half of what he feels——

But I am interrupted.

* * * * *

My physician to visit me—he pronounces me out of danger, but orders me not to think too intensely.

Can thinking with pleasure on those we love and esteem, be detrimental to the health? surely no!—then I'll indulge my thoughts, though all the sons of Galen and Hippocrates decree to the contrary.

I have,

I have, undoubtedly, the affections of lady Beamwell, if facts are allowed to establish a supposition, and the strongest, corroborating circumstances are admitted as collateral testimonies.

But still my objection remains. You may deem me whimsical in my refinement upon Delicacy, but my Objection is, to this very hour, in as full force as when I first revealed it to you.

However, on this you may depend, that lady Beamwell and yourself divide my soul, according to the different modes of love and friendship. So
that

that not claiming any of the rational part of myself, you must allow that it is by no means inconsistent, at present, for the language of distraction to proceed from

BELMONT.

LETTER XXX.

FROM SIR JAMES BELMONT

TO

FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

DEAR FRANK,

Bath—

COULD I congratulate you on being successful in recovering the amiable object of your passion, I should enjoy true felicity ; my scruples are satisfied, my Delicate Objection is removed, I am happy in all but what respects my friend—Lady Beamwell will be mine.

Bein

Being tolerably well recovered, I determined to take a walk, in order to enjoy the fresh air, and my own contemplations. Induced by the beauty of the morning, and pleasantness of the fields, I roamed farther than I at first intended to do, or than was consistent with the state of my strength.

I was overcome—I grew weak, and was apprehensive that I should faint.

To avoid such an accident while alone, I made, with the utmost expedition, towards a neat farm-house, which I observed at no very great distance.

Arriving at the house, I perceived the farmer sitting at his door ; as soon as he saw me, he got up, made me a much genteeler bow than I could have expected from one in his situation, and civilly invited me into his house.

I informed him of my late illness, and the present occasion of my troubling him—He politely told me I was welcome to any accommodation which his house could afford me.

He then offered me a glass of wine, which I accepted, thinking it would recruit my strength, and revive my spirits, in some measure.

We

We entered into conversation upon indifferent subjects, till his wife appeared — a good-looking, comely dame.

She mentioned a daughter, whom they had placed at a boarding-school; and said, she must immediately pack up a number of things that were to be sent to her.

She began this task with very little ceremony before us, and, to my great surprize, I perceived her put a variety of things into a chest, which were, in point of richness and elegance, infinitely beyond what I could have expected to see in this habitation.

D 3

But

But what was my astonishment to see her fold up a superb worked handkerchief, on which appeared the arms of Lady Beamwell.

After making an apology for the impertinence of my curiosity, I entreated her to favour me with a nearer sight of the handkerchief.

She directly gave it into my hand.

I thanked her ; and after viewing it for some time, returned it, telling her, I thought the coat of arms, whoever it belonged to was admirably well executed.

Ah !

Ah ! Sir, said she, with a seeming kind of satisfaction, the coat of arms, and title too, are not worthy of their owner ; that coat of arms, Sir, continued she, belongs to one of the most charming ladies in England ; but her beauty is not equal to her goodness, and in both she perhaps excells most ladies existing.

Pray, Madam, may I crave her name or title.

She is called Lady Beamwell—She is a young widow of a considerable fortune, and was married to a Lord, who died on the wedding day. Its

But what was my astonishment to see her fold up a superb worked handkerchief, on which appeared the arms of Lady Beamwell.

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She is called Lady Beamwell—She is a young widow of a considerable fortune, and was married to a Lord, who died on the wedding day. Its

well he did so; for his death prevented a lovely, good tempered, amiable young lady from being lost to the world.

As how? said I impatiently——
Pray, Madam, as how?

My hostess, who was extremely communicative, readily satisfied me.

The lady, Sir, said she, in obedience to her father's commands married Lord Beamwell, who was very old, and every way disagreeable. She indeed never designed that he should enjoy her; for she has often declared to me,
who

who waited upon her, and was always in her confidence, that to give up her person where her heart was not engaged, was downright prostitution, and I am very clear, though she was admired by many at that time, that her affections were not fixed upon any person. But to proceed, Sir—She gave her hand only to oblige her father, but determined to run away that very night in order not to disoblige herself. For this purpose she had prepared money, cloaths, jewels, and every thing necessary; I was to have gone with her, as I would have lived and died with her, and my husband, who is here, and who then lived

in our neighbourhood, was to have guarded us to the sea coast, for we should have gone to France. However, the old Lord saved us the trouble of eloping, by quitting the world before we should have had time to have quitted the kingdom. Lady Beamwell being left a young maiden widow, came to Bath; an opportunity offering, she purchased this farm, and after stocking it well, presented it to my husband and me, as a recompence for our intended assistance and fidelity; having wherewithal, we determined to live together; for though we had been married a considerable time, I always remained in service. We have
a daughter

a daughter to whom Lady Beamwell was god-mother, and who is now at a boarding school at her expence; she gave me these things to send to her, and has promised me always to look upon her as her own.

You may imagine, dear Frank, that this narrative gave me infinite satisfaction——Lady Beamwell's delicacy appeared in its true lustre——She had never designed to submit her person to the embraces of a man on whom she could not bestow her affections.—My scruples are gone, my objections are vanished; and was I easy on your

[60]

account, I am perfectly satisfied on
my own.

BELMONT.

• L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM SIR JAMES BELMONT,

TO

FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

DEAR FRANK,

Bath—

LADY Beamwell's behaviour during my illness, and the discovery I made at the farm-house, gave me such confidence and spirits, that I pressed my suit with the greatest alacrity and most uncommon vigour; and Lady Beamwell, unwilling to give herself any more pain, by trying experiments, with a becoming frankness, consented

to

to give me her HAND ; confessing, at the same time, that her pretended indifference, and affected coquetry, had cost her dear ; however, by a behaviour uniformly sincere, and affectionately prudent, the lovely creature promised to make me amends for any former uneasiness which she might have occasioned me.

If your affairs, Frank, were in as felicitous a train, I should be the happiest fellow in the universe—as they are, I must subscribe myself still the unhappy

BELMONT.

L E T.

LETTER XXIX.

FROM SIR JAMES BELMONT,

TO

FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

DEAR FRANK,

Bath. —

CONGRATULATE yourself—
thank me as your guardian angel, or
rather fortune, for all the merit I can
claim is but giving you the earliest
intelligence—however, let the inclosed
letter speak for itself.—I hate to pe-
ruse translations when I can procure
the

the original, or spurious copies when I
can get the genuine production—but
I will not steal another moment from
your blifs, or delay what will restore
your tranquility. I now remain, as
my friends afflictions will cease, the
truly happy

BELMONT.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

FROM MISS GRINLY

TO

LADY BEAMWELL.

DEAR LYDIA:

SINCE you heard from me, I have been in a thousand perils, under the greatest apprehensions, and under the most severe afflictions.

I imagine that you have already heard that my father's house was burnt down—how the fire began I cannot

cannot tell, nor who first alarmed me—
all I can remember is, that I ran down
stairs almost naked, and seeing the
front door open sprung into the street.
—I was received in somebody's arms,
and immediately fainted.

This person was no other than Mr.
Dalton—how it happened that he was
there I do not know—but he carried
me to the house of two maiden ladies
in the neighbourhood, who did all in
their power to recover me, and suc-
ceeded.

As soon as the power of reflection
returned, I was sensible from my situ-
ation

ation of the occasion, and recollected the circumstances of our misfortune.—Perceiving Mr. Dalton, I entreated him to enquire if my parents were safe.

He flew to oblige me—I began to think him long, but being ashamed of my present appearance, I entreated the ladies to lend me a few things that I might appear with a little more decency—they politely complied.

Being dressed as well as circumstances would admit—I grew quite impatient, and determined to repair towards the conflagration to gain some intelligence, if possible, of my parents,
and

and to try to find Mr. Dalton, for I began to be apprehensive that some accident had happened to him.

But I had proceeded but a few yards from the door, when I was rudely seized by three men, who instantly clapped a handkerchief to my mouth to prevent my screaming, that almost stifled me.

I again fainted, and remained in that condition, I imagine for a considerable time, for when I came to myself I found that I was upon some road, going at a great rate in a coach.

Finding

Finding that I was recovered, a man who sat next to me enquired how I did.

I replied I was very ill, but entreated him to let me know where I was, and what they intended to do with me.

He bid me be easy, for I was in in no manner of danger, and should be used like a lady.

I however continued uneasy to excess.

The

The uncertainty of my parents fate, and my own critical situation gave me the most excruciating tortures.

I wept till morning.—We often changed horses—but I was not suffered to leave the coach.

They frequently pressed me to take some refreshment, which I absolutely refused.

When the morning appeared, the light only opened to me new terrors—for I found myself with the infamous Lord *Tarquin*, that disgrace to the dignity of a nobleman, and humanity of
a man.

a man.—I had often seen him at places of public resort, and had heard his character celebrated only for having ruined numberless women of every rank and condition—there were two others with him, to whom I was a stranger.

Having a glimpse of my face he exclaimed with an oath to one of his companions, “ Tom I am in luck.—
 “ This is Miss Grinly, who I’ll
 “ assure you has employed no little of
 “ my thoughts for some time past—
 “ but I never could find an opportunity
 “ before to get her into my
 “ possession—I left all to fortune, and

“ she has secured me well this time,
 “ I only intended a common snatch,
 “ but have stumbled upon a valuable
 “ prize.”

These words greatly shocked me, as they seemed declaratory of his brutal intentions. I put up my petitions, and resolved to rely upon Providence to protect my innocence.

We at length stopped at a large house, an inn, I took it to be.

They obliged me to alight, and conducted me almost by force to a chamber up stairs.—it was in vain to resist.

A woman

A woman soon appeared, and asked me what refreshment I chose to have.

Instead of answering her question, I burst into a fresh flood of tears, and related every thing which had happened, thinking to soften her in my favour, then conjured her as a woman, to assist in saving one of her own sex from destruction—insinuating that she might easily contrive my escape, as she seemed to be mistress of the inn.

I had no sooner uttered these words, but the woman bridling up her head, and surveying me with a look of the utmost contempt—said furiously,

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“ *Mistress*

“ *Mistress of the inn!* madam, I would
 “ have you to know, that I am mis-
 “ tress of that which is much more
 “ valuable than a paltry inn, and am
 “ a better gentlewoman than yourself,
 “ but such low bred trollops as you
 “ cannot distinguish a gentlewoman
 “ when you see her.—I wonder noble-
 “ men and gentlemen will have any
 “ thing to do with such huffies.

Having made this notable speech,
 she flounced out of the room, and I
 saw no person till towards the evening,
 when one of the gentlemen, who were
 in the coach with Lord Tarquin,
 entered the room.

He

He modestly approached me, and said, “ Madam, I beg you will not be
 “ alarmed on my account, I mean to
 “ do you an act of friendship—you
 “ may perhaps be suspicious of the
 “ integrity of my intentions, by hav-
 “ ing seen me in such bad company.
 “ But, madam, you must understand
 “ that Lord Tarquin is my near rela-
 “ tion, and though my whole de-
 “ pendance is upon him, I abhor his
 “ principles. Indeed I am often ob-
 “ liged to join in his libertine pur-
 “ suits, but I do as much as possible
 “ to defeat, in a private manner, his
 “ vicious purposes. If, madam, you
 “ can put confidence enough in me to

“ trust yourself in my hands, I will
 “ conduct you to a place of safety. If
 “ not, your ruin is inevitable.

The young gentleman's manner and
 discourse appeared so ingenuous, that
 circumstanced as I was, there seemed
 no room for hesitation.

I consented to put myself under his
 protection—he led me from the house
 by a secret way.

At the distance of half a mile was
 a post chaise in waiting.—We went at
 a great pace, and at length stopt at a
 small farm house.

He

He informed me by the way, that the blame of my escape would fall upon the woman, who had been so insulting to me, and who would, had I remained, been an instrument that very night of my destruction, he then took his leave, saying, he must get back again with all possible expedition, lest any suspicion of being concerned in my escape should fall upon him.—I returned him my most unfeigned thanks, as I had great reason to do, for his great generosity, and disinterested behaviour.

I was happy to hear from the people, that I was only eight miles from Bath,

but being next day seized with a violent fever, through the want of nourishment, great fatigue, and perturbation of mind, I was unable to write to you—I have been delirious with the disorder these three weeks, the people have behaved in a very hospitable manner.—As I have had no cloaths but those I borrowed of the ladies, where Mr. Dalton carried me at the time of the fire, I beg, my dear Lydia, you will send me a change, together with some money, to defray the incidental charges of my illness, and reward the honest people where I am; if these articles are brought by your carriage, I will step into it, and soon be at Bath.

I make

I make thus free, as I am sensible no act of generosity or friendship on the part of Lady Beamwell, will be wanting towards her

FRANCES GRINLY.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

FROM SIR JAMES BELMONT.

T O

FRANCIS DALTON, ESQ.

DEAR FRANK,

Bath—

THIS epistle was no sooner received, but Lady Beamwell shewed it to me—the horses were ordered to the coach instantly, and taking the messenger who brought the letter for a guide, we both set off, and soon arrived at the little village where Miss Grinly was, every expence was paid, the people were

were rewarded, and we all returned together to Bath. I informed Miss Grinly of the death of her father, but assured her the good lady her mother, was alive, and well.

The Road to Bath is good; and, I believe you are too much in love to remain in town long.—So for a small space of time I shall once more say—
Adieu.

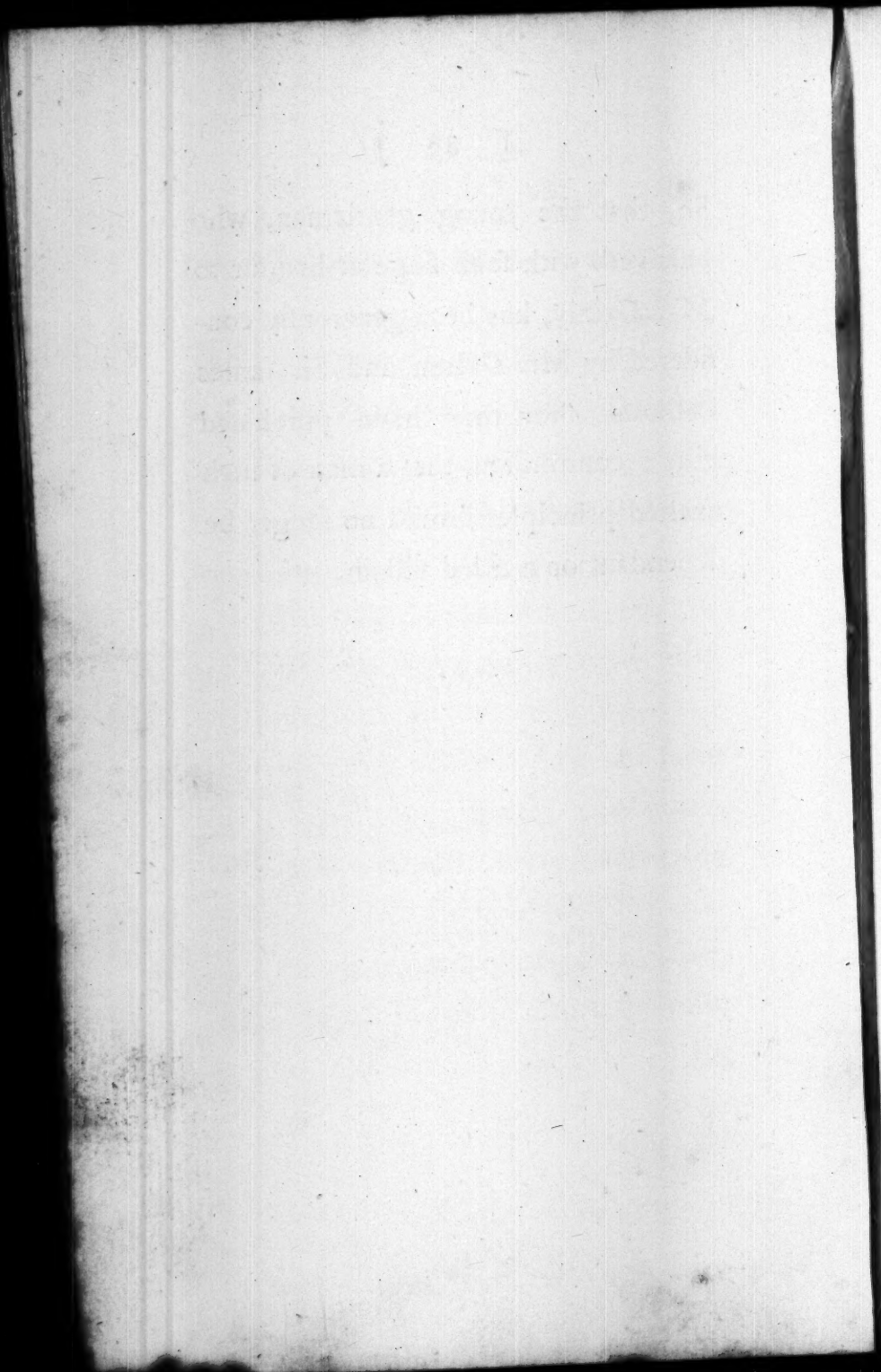
BELMONT.

C O N C L U S I O N.

MR. Dalton immediately on the receipt of the above epistles, set off for Bath, with Lady Grinly, where they arrived without meeting with any accident.

—These amiable couples soon after performed the Hymeneal rites—their nuptials being celebrated on the same day. They have houses contiguous both in Town and Country ; and Lady Grinly constantly resides with her amiable daughter, and worthy son-in-law. And we are happy to assure the public,

lic, that the young gentleman, who behaved with such singular honour to Miss Grinly, has been generously considered by Mr. Dalton and Sir James Belmont; for they have purchased him a commission, that a man of such exalted principles should no longer be dependant on a titled villain.



AN
EXTRA PACKET
OF
BATH INTRIGUES,
WITH A
DESCRIPTION
OF
BATH AMUSEMENTS,

Sent from Lady Beamwell to Miss Grinly during their Correspondence, but not being immediatly connected with the other Letters, it was thought proper to reserve it as a Supplementary Packet.

BY THE BACK
OF
HATH AND TRIGUES
WITH A
DESCRIPTION
OF
HATH AND TRIGUES

State that this is known to this City
by the City Corporation, and not by
any other Corporation, and the other
Corporation is known to this City
by the City Corporation.

AN EXTRA PACKET OF BATH
INTRIGUES.

DEAR FANNY,

IN respect to the most elegant amusements, Bath is a terrestrial paradise. But if we consider the envy, hatred, and malice, the calumny, ill-nature, and scandal with which the hearts of most of the company are replete, we may justly stile it an infernal territory.

I shall for your amusement, relate an anecdote which lately made a noise here, and gave some sarcastical employment to many tongued Fame.

A Sir

A Sir Amorous Chalkstone, was left guardian to Miss Blyth, a young lady who was heir to a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds, but under this restriction, that if she married without his consent, the whole of her fortune was to be forfeited to her guardian. On the contrary, if she married with the consent of her guardian, her fortune that moment was to become her own, even if the occurrence happened before she was of age, and was at the same time to be secured to her in such a manner that her husband was to have no power over it; but she was solely to possess it as a jointure.

Such was the tenor of the will of Miss Blyth's whimsical parent, who having been a great rake, and an intimate of Sir Amorous Chalkestone's in all his intrigues, thought proper to leave him such an unbounded power of ruining his daughter, or putting an absolute negative upon her inclinations.

Miss Blyth was now in the bloom of eighteen, adorned with every exterior attraction, and possessing every polite accomplishment which could engage the attention of the volatile and gay.

She

She was however vain, inconfid-
rate, and a great coquet.

Sir Amorous being arrived to that
period of life, which is generally
termed the age of dotage, was not
insensible to the charms of Miss
Blyth, he fell desperately in love with
her.

Her fortune too was no inconfide-
rable object of his attention—as his
avarice increased with his years, he
judged fifteen thousand pounds to be
no mean acquisition to his own pos-
sessions.

He

He imagined that by securing the hand of the lady, he could secure her heart, for he entertained a high opinion of himself, and fancied, though her fortune must be thrown into her own hands as a jointure—that possessing her affections, he should be able to finger that as he thought proper, or perhaps to persuade her to make it over to him, as a mark of her duty and tender regard.—Thus he was not in the least terrified at that article of the will, which precluded her husband from touching the fifteen thousand pounds.

The

The delectable thought of possessing such a fortune, and enjoying so much youth and beauty—to wing the hours with bliss, and smoothe his declining years, threw him into raptures, and he determined to open his mind to Miss Blyth.

Finding her one day in a remarkable good humour, he made a formal declaration of his love.—Swore, as he had done in his more juvenile years, to the fierceness of the flame with which he consumed, and with great volubility protested a most violable and unalterable affection.

The

The young lady heard him out in silent astonishment. But as soon as the old gentleman had concluded his protestations, she burst into an immoderate fit of laughing, which for a considerable time prevented her from giving him any reply.

Her risibility at length subsided—She very gravely asked him, if he really thought her sufficiently solid and steady to commence nurse.

The pride of Sir Amorous was piqued at her behaviour—he was enraged at the question—and flouncing out of the room, he left her in a great rage.

The

The next morning he sent orders that she should breakfast in her chamber; and that she might not want amusement during the repast, the orders were accompanied by a copy of her father's will, from which she might learn how dangerous it was to contradict her guardian.

But the dread of being disinherited could not prevail—she remained inflexible—thus they continued for the space of six months, though under the same roof, in a manner totally strangers to each other, neither eating, drinking, or conversing together, or even seeing each other. For the impropriety

priety of such a match never once entered the head of Sir Amorous, he was too fond of the idea, to suffer it to be erased from his heart, and was determined not to entertain the least thought of any reconciliation, till she acceded to his proposals.

Thus were things situated, when she one day sent a billet to her guardian, importing that she should be glad of an interview, as she had something of importance to communicate.

Sir Amorous could not tell what to think of this request, he determined not to relax from this severity, unless
his

his propofals were accepted ; but what was his furprize, when upon Mifs Blyth's entering the room by his permiffion, he perceived a pleafing fmile on her countenance, and an agreeable air in her whole deportment.

Sir Amorous waited in filent expectation, and Mifs Blyth foon put him out of his anxiety, by begging his pardon for her former conduct, confeffing the impropriety of her behaviour, and declaring that, upon mature reflection, his propofal would be infinitely to her advantage—She therefore was willing to give him her hand immediately.

The

The old gentleman's joy may be better conceived than expressed—A lawyer was sent for—writings were drawn.—Miss Blyth's fortune was settled upon herself according to the tenor of the will.—And they were in a very short time publicly married.

* * * * *

A variety of speculations arose from this preposterous marriage— but the same evening gave the tongue of calumny full scope.—

The bride was undressed and put to bed, the bridegroom prepared to follow—when,

“ O galling circumstance.”

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A scream

A scream from that lady threw the whole into confusion.—She declared she was extremely ill—a physician was called—he felt her pulse, according to rule, but soon perceived the real nature of her disorder from more convincing symptoms—

Other assistance was called, and Sir Amorous became a father on the very first night of his marriage.—That the lady was out of danger, and that he was the father of a fine boy was speedily announced to him.

It is impossible for language to paint his indignation—thrown from
the

the height of his raptures, the sublimity of his dotage, and plunged into the very abyfs of difappointment, fhame, and confufion.

The next day the adventure was blazed about the place.—The whole city was acquainted with it, it was the fubject of converfation in the Pump Room, and the entertainment of the various card tables.

The old and grave fhook their heads—the young and giddy laughed immoderately—some few pitied the lady, all condemned Sir Amorous, and moft feverely cenfured both.

The most malicious crowded to the house of the knight, to enjoy his situation, and the ill-natured pleasure of stinging him to the quick, by congratulations on his great happiness in being so speedily blest with a son and heir—he could not stand their sneers, and ironical compliments—he fled from Bath with precipitation, leaving his bride to recover her strength at leisure.

He got to a place where he was secure from being teased by the maliciously censorious or tormented, by the sight of the guilty lady and innocent infant, for in the wildness of
his

his imagination, and fury of his resentment, they seemed equally involved in the crime, and both alike culpable.

Sir Amorous felt the shock of this unexpected mortification in its full force, he was stung by its utmost severity, his years were too many, and his strength too little.—The extravagance of his hopes rendered their disappointment the more terrible. Nature could not sustain the conflict, he fell a victim to the bitterness of his reflections, and died in the most extreme anguish about a fortnight after his fatal nuptials had been performed.

Lady Chalkstone, as her husband had left no will took possession of the estate, on the behalf of her son and herself—but this will give some employment to the gentlemen of the long robe ; for the relations of Sir Amorous are determined to bring their action for the recovery of the estate, and to assert their right as the legal heirs. On the contrary, some very able gentlemen of the law are employed on the behalf of the infant, as the lady insists he was born in wedlock, and consequently was the only legal heir of Sir Amorous Chalkstone's estate ; how the affair will end I cannot tell, as several gentlemen of great abilities

abilities are retained on each side, but it occasions much speculation, a great deal of conversation, and gives infinite employment to the malicious tongues of slander and calumny.

However, not content with becoming so ridiculously popular, or rather infamously famed; Lady Chalkstone, within three months of her husband's decease, thought proper to quit the state of widowhood—throw aside her weeds, and again commence bride, by giving her hand to a captain Blossom; this hath given birth to more surmises, particularly that the captain is the real father of the child.—But how the connection first commenced, or in

what manner it was carried on, the enquirers are yet to learn, as none ever entertained the least idea of their being acquainted.

Thus the fault of an individual gives the utmost satisfaction to most of the good-natured company at this place.—Blind to their own follies they are continually laying in wait for the errors of others, and then—mercy on their characters !—Yet none seek after the virtues of their neighbours.

“ On eagle’s wings immortal scandal fly,
“ While virtuous actions are but born and
“ die.”

* * * * *

Here

Here are at this place (strange to relate) two Platonic Lovers. The gentleman, Mr. Melmoth, is advanced in years, but his politeness, ease, affability, flow of wit, and a fund of good sense, render him extremely agreeable.

The lady, Miss Moston, is about twenty years of age, exceedingly beautiful, of a sweet disposition, is possessed of a good genius, well cultivated by a judicious education.

Mr. Melmoth and Miss Moston are inseparable companions, and in the eye of the world are looked upon

as lovers, though they profess themselves only as Platonic ones, and insist that their passion is founded upon the utmost purity, and has no other gratification in view but what is really mental.

The censorious give their tongues great liberties with this singular pair—but the better natured and more moderate think their passion, though particular, entirely innocent.

They frequently form parties of pleasure, in which Mr. Melmoth is always sure to shine, as he has the address to turn every circumstance to his advantage,

advantage, and to make the most trifling things pleasing.

Thus being in a pleasant garden belonging to a farm house near this city, Miss Moston plucked some apples from the bough of a tree which hung within her reach.

Presenting one to Mr. Melmoth, he immediately took his pencil from his pocket, and wrote the following lines, addressed to Miss Moston.

The A P P L E.

I.

An apple caus'd our present state,
 And by inevitable fate,
 Condemn'd us all to die.
 But if that apple was so fine,
 And came from such a hand as thine,
 Who from its charms could fly!

II.

How can I then poor Adam blame,
 When I myself had done the same,
 Had you the apple given.
 I should like him, without dispute,
 Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
 And lost for *you* my heav'n.

These little eleganciës, make the
 hours, when they are together, pleas-
 ingly

ingly pass away, and render their company much coveted.

This, to me accounts for Miss Mof-ton's passion—few men have the art of rendering themselves so agreeable.—On comparing the busy fops that surround her with Mr. Melmoth, she naturally makes reflections greatly to his advantage.—The disparity of his years is lost in the charms of his address; his mind is blooming and young, and her good sense points to that as a proper object of the passion of a reasonable creature.

Another circumstance of the same nature I recollect.

They

They were one day viewing a gallery of fine paintings, Miss Moston expressed great taste in a variety of judicious remarks on the various performances.

Mr. Melmoth, who pays all his compliments to her understanding, greatly applauded her judgment.

At length, on viewing the picture of a Cupid, she started a query.—What real reason can be assigned for the painters and poets always to draw the God of Love without eyes?

Mr. Melmoth answered her by repeating this French Madrigal

MADRIGAL.

M A D R I G A L.

Le jeune eglé voyant un portrait de l'amour
 Demandoit a Daphnis par quel desfin severe

L'amiable Maitre deCythere

Avoit été privé de la clarté de jour

Vous en etes cause, bergere

Lui dit il ; car venu sa mere

Des dons les plus parfaits voulant vous
 décorer

Vous a donné les yeux qui devoient l'eclairer.

This agreeable turn pleased her more
 than the compliment itself. She how-
 ever told him, that though she under-
 stood the French language sufficiently
 to taste the beauties of the compo-
 sition, she was nevertheless of such a
 patriotic disposition, that she could
 not

not help wishing to see the lines in
 an English dress, “ Though added
 “ she, smiling, my desire may perhaps
 “ proceed from vanity, and you will
 “ doubtless imagine that I only want
 “ to be complimented in two different
 “ languages.”

Mr. Melmoth, without hesitation,
 translated, or rather imitated the
 English, as follow :

On Cupid's picture when young Daphne
 gaz'd,

Struck with the sight, she pitied and she
 prais'd.

Ah ! lovely boy, she cried, Ah ! fate un-
 kind,

Why is that form of guiltless beauty blind;

Her swain o'erheard, thyself the cause, said
he,

The partial gods have given his eyes to thee,

How delectable are the pleasures of
reason ! How far superior to those of
the senses—these are gross—these ethe-
real—these speedily cloy, nay, often dis-
gust—while those, when past, fix in
the memory, and afford a gratification
equal to that which was felt during
the enjoyment.

But I am interrupted.—

Strange news, my dear, the very
persons I was writing about when I
left

left off, have renounced their platonism and domesticated, or in other words are—married.—A lady who is miserable till she has circulated every fresh piece of news throughout the city, has just been to inform me of it. She said she could not rest till I knew it.—The railler's are extremely busy ; but Mr. Melmoth, happy in his choice, does not regard them.—He has published a little poetical piece on sentimental love, which seems to convey his real opinion of the bounds and limits of that passion.—I here send it to you.

SENTI-

SENTIMENTAL LOVE.

A P O E M.

Ethereal essence, spotless as the snow
 On Alpine heights, daughter of virtue hail,
 Hail *sentimental love*, to thee my muse
 Lift her aspiring lay, nor heed the laugh
 Of Circe's mated herd, who madly gaze
 Upon the wanton form of loose intrigue :
 Till her ensnaring eyes, more venomous
 Than those of the Egyptian basilisk,
 Have fascinated, firmly fix'd them hers :
 Made them the most ridiculous of slaves
 Attach'd to mutability ; like flies
 That play with sun-beams, then they pro-
 stitute
 Thy hallowed name, and call the forc'ress,
 Love.

As

As er't in Cyprus (Cytherea's realm,
 In ancient time suppos'd) their father's did:
 But with no Paphian doves stain I thy altar;
 Nor cloud thy features with Platonic dreams,
 Th' abstracted, unintelligible theses
 Of proud philosophy; compell'd to own
 Thy pow'r, yet seeking to disguise and hide
 thee

From the unletter'd swain; describing thee
 As an enthusiastic rhapsody
 Impracticable, far above the reach
 Of mortal man, mere phantom of the brain,
 Not such thy nature, source of human bliss;
 Thou in the tender throbbing heart dost reign
 Alike to thee, or if the head be stor'd
 With all the sapience of renowned Greece,
 Or if in Nature's pure simplicity,
 It knew no school, no eloquence but thine.
 For often thou art found upon the plain
 Where

Where innocence abides ; there dost thou
warm

The humble-hearted swain with chaste
desire ;

First taught of thee, he learns the gentle
sigh,

The anxious, soft solicitude of hope ;

Thou teachest him to steal the tender glance,

And tremble lest his eyes should meet the
nymph's.

Thou catchest eagerly her ev'ry look,

Each word and action, shewing them to him

In thy enchanting mirror, which reflects

The rising virtues with meridian blaze,

Amidst whose dazzling beams the trivial
spots,

Which even the most exalted character

Is not without, are lost, by thee inspired.

Refin'd to elegance, mature, sublime,

He

He scorns each mean advantage, pleas'd
alone

To raise her worth, and dwell upon her
praise ;

Nor less thy pow'r in the soft maiden's
breast

She wears the pleasing chain, though de-
licacy

At first conceal'd it ; but when the lov'd
swain,

Or on the flow'ry margin of the rill,

Where the luxuriant willow casts its shade,

(Or haply underneath the spreading oak,

Where in their view their flocks united
play,

Propitious spot for *thee*) hath met the fair,

And hesitating, prostrate, tells his tale,

With fault'ring tongue, and palpitating
heart,

Now elevated to the giddy brain,
 Now sunk almost below the springs of life,
 When struggling apprehensions choak his
 speech,

And make him leave the question half un-
 ask'd,

Then will the fair (by tender sympathy
 Persuaded of his truth) with blushes own
 Her approbation of his flame, will take
 His proffer'd hand to lead her to the shrine,
 And meet with extasy, the warm embrace.
 These are thy triumphs, *sentimental love*,
 And these the thrilling pleasures which thy
 reign

To souls refin'd, imparts : sacred to thee
 I pour these artless lays, which genuine
 flow

From the soft feelings of a grateful heart.

I have

I have no doubt but this couple will be happy—they have both a liberal way of thinking, refined notions, and possess a great deal of good sense.

The disparity of years indeed may be objected ; but as it seems to have been a match of choice on both sides that will be immaterial.

I must send you another of Mr. Melmoth's productions in prose, as I wish to contribute all that lays in my power to your amusement.

OBIDAH.

O B I D A H,

AN EASTERN TALE.

Know this Great Truth, enough for Man to know,
Virtue alone is happiness below.

EARLY in the morning, Obidah, the son of Abensina, left the caravanera, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan, being vigorous with rest, animated with hope, and incited by desire, he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him; as he passed along, his ears were delighted with the song of the bird of Paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the singing

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breeze,

breeze, and sprinkled with the dew by groves of spices. He sometimes contemplated the towering height of the cedar which adorned the hills, and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the flowers which enamelled the plains; thus all his senses were gratified, and care entirely banished from his heart.

In this manner he continued his journey till the sun approached his meridian, and the encreasing heat prayed upon his strength; he then looked carefully round him to discover some more agreeable and shady path: On his right hand he saw a grove that seemd to wave its shades,

as

as a sign of invitation, he entered it and found the coolness and verdure irresistably pleasant; he did not however, forget, whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordering with flowers, which appearing to have the same direction with the main road, he was pleased that by this happy experiment he had found means to unite pleasure with his business, and to gain the reward of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He therefore for a time still continued to walk without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and some-

times amusing himself with plucking the flowers which grew on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches; at last the green path began to decline from its first direction and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with the falls of water. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were safe for him to forsake any longer the known and open road, but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of
the

the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground; the uneasiness of his mind made him to lay hold on every new object, and gave way to every sensation that might sooth or divert him, he listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions, in these amusements the hours passed away

uncounted, his deviation had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel, he stood penfive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now passed, while he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head; he was now roused from his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly, he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted, and lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove,
and

and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle, while he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditations.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain; he prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of Nature.—He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard

the mingled howls of rage and fear, and savage expiration : all the horrors of darkness surrounded him, the wind roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing near to safety or destruction. At length, not fear but labour began to overcome him, his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate.—When he beheld through the brambles the glimmering of a taper, he advanced towards the light,
and

and finding it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission—the old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, “tell me, said the Hermit, by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before.”—Obidah then related all the occurrences of his journey without any palliation.

Son, said the Hermit, let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thine heart—remember, my Son, that human life is the journey of a day; we rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation, we set forward with spirit, and hope with gaiety and diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest; in a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end; we then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified at crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy,

stancy, and venture to approach what we resolved never to touch, we thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security.—Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides, we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at last turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure? We approach them with scruple and hesitation, we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for ano-

ther ; we in time loose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications ; by degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire ; we entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way ; we then look back upon ourselves with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too late, and often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my Son, who shall learn from thy example, not to despair

despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made, that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours, ever unassisted; but the wanderer may at last return from all errors, and he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my Son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life.

* * * * *

You

You see, my dear, that I fly strangely from one thing to another—but you will excuse my rambling—you desired me to write all that came into my head.

I comply with your desire; but you are not to expect scandal alone, I shall give you other little anecdotes that never yet exercised the tongue of slander, or have the least in the nature of them to excite a malignant pleasure in the breast of ill nature.

Of this kind is the passion of Sir James Johnson, a gentleman of a fair unencumbered estate, a good person,
excellent

excellent disposition, elegant manners,
and liberal education.

This gentleman to the surprize of his friends, and indeed the amazement of all who knew him, fell desperately in love with a Miss Stanhope, a young lady of good birth, polite accomplishments, affable temper, and benignant disposition—but withal far from being even passable as to exteriors.

If her face deserved not the low appellation of being *ugly*, still it was forbidding, nay, disgusting to behold.

And her shape was so far from having any thing graceful in it, or even

>

symetry

symetry to recommend it, that it might justly be classed under the title of deformity.

However, Sir James entertained the most violent passion for this lady, and in consequence of the singularity of his attachment, became the butt of ridicule to the Bath wits.

To stem the torrent of their satire, he wrote the following vindication of his passion, addressed to a particular friend.

The lines are circulated here, and much approved. It is with pleasure therefore that I communicate them to the amiable Miss Grinly.

LOVE

LOVE INDEPENDANT OF BEAUTY.

AN ODE.

I.

YOU say, my love, my darling fair,
Is destitute of grace ;
Freedom she wants in mien and air,
And beauty in the face.

II.

This I allow, at least in part,
Yet she can raise desire,
Can twine with softness round the heart,
And set the soul on fire.

III.

Is there a just criterion known,
True beauty to define,
Or must we to a thing unknown
Implicitly resign.

You'll

IV.

You'll plead, perhaps, a snowy skin,
Such as might grace a queen,
Where the blue veins appear within,
Just starting to be seen.

V.

Vermilion lips, and glowing cheeks,
That shame the blushing rose,
An eye where humid brightness speaks,
And radiant glory flows.

VI.

A shape most exquisitely small,
A prominence of breast,
Where snowy hillocks rise and fall,
As suing to be prest.

VII.

A forehead delicately high,
Form'd to comm and respect ;
A neck where little Cupids lie,
With wavy ringlets deck'd.

All

VIII.

All these perhaps you'll beauty deem,
 All these I'd calmly see
 The bright possessor, just esteem,
 From adoration free.

IX.

A certain something I must find,
 Ere I can yield my heart;
 A something to perfection join'd
 Where beauty has no part.

X.

This something cannot be describ'd,
 Nor easily conceiv'd,
 By feeling it we must be brib'd
 To let it be believ'd.

This apology satisfied some, but astonish'd more, for Cupid's critics could not but be surprized, that a man who
 had

had such delicate notions of beauty, and could so well define it, should be attracted by homeliness, and even deformity.

Yet, strange as it may appear, this couple were yesterday joined by the soft bands of Hymen.

As antipathies are frequently implanted in our natures, so stimulative qualities of a like heterogeneous nature, may perhaps urge us to the pursuit of what appears disgusting to the general eye.

Be

Be it as it will, Sir James undoubtedly beheld beauty with an eye of indifference, and found charms in the object of his passion, however unfavourable the conception of others might be concerning her—so true sung the Poet.

For love no certain cause can be assign'd,
'Tis in no face, but in the lover's mind.]

* * * * *

The lordly votaries of reason often exclaim in praise of the mental faculties, and place the beauties of the mind far beyond those of the body, yet few of these redoubted heroes ever re-

duce their theory to practice, and give no room to think that they really believe themselves, by falling in love with the mind of an old or an ugly woman.

How will they heroically rant—

“ 'Tis not a set of features or complexion,
 “ The tincture of the skin that I admire,
 “ Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 “ Fades in his eyes, or palls upon the sense.

Or quote,

“ What is the blooming tincture of the
 “ skin
 “ To peace of mind, and harmony within?
 “ What is the sparkling of the brightest
 “ eye,
 “ To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
 “ Can

“ Can comeliness of form, or shape or air,

“ With comeliness of words and deeds

“ compare ?

“ No, alas ! those th’ unwary heart may

“ gain ;

“ But these there only can that heart re-

“ tain.

Yet after all the rhapsodies, and pretended elevation of sentiment, we see the same person next minute running after——

What ?

A fool with a fair face, and neglecting the beauties of the mind when clad in coarse features.

I hate

I hate the hypocrites;—but now
for a touch of scandal.

* * * *

Let me take breath, and recollect
myself.

A gentleman who has a feat in this
neighbourhood, about a twelvemonth
since married the daughter of a ba-
ronet.

She had a fortune, but very little
prudence.

She has a fine person, but no de-
meanour.

She

She is handsome, but wants prudence.

This is the sketch of her character.

Her husband had nothing striking in his character, there was little to find fault with, and little to applaud.

His composition was made up of mediocrity.

In fine, he was, according to the usual acceptation of the world, a very good sort of a man, a tolerable kind of person.

Do not think by my making use of the word *was*, that he is dead.

No, he is living, but is quite altered.

So he was only the character I have described.

Being extremely fond of his wife, he was insensible to her faults and her follies.

She had always her own way, and that usually induced her to do wrong.

The gentleman being obliged to go into the North of England upon some emergent affairs, took a tender leave of his lady.

He

He had not been long gone before she found a disagreeable vacancy in her heart.

She sighed, but could not account for it.

She wished for a more than common acquaintance.

A Mr. Toywell, taking advantage of this disposition, easily introduced himself to her, and had the address to make himself so agreeable to her, that she lost what little share of discretion heaven had ever bestowed upon her.

And their amour was in the mouth of Fame, scandal had fresh food, and ill-nature something to be pleased with.

The lover at length grew so confident, that he took it into his head to be displeased with her husband's picture being hung in her bed chamber. Upon his repeated remonstrances, she removed it, but absolutely refused to place Mr. Toywell's in its place, as dreading the consequences.

She however was whimsical enough to have a portrait of her lap-dog drawn.—

And

And put up in the room of her husband's resemblance.

On the Gentleman's return he was amazed to find his picture removed, and a dogs put into his place.

He enquired the cause of his wife.

She hesitated.—

She was too confused to give him a direct answer.

This alarmed him, he grew particular in his enquiries.

There were enough to inform him of every thing, and indeed more than was literally true.

He grew frantic with jealousy—at length he took proper measures to confine his wife in a private mad house, and immediately after made his will, stipulating in it, that those to whom he left his estate, should keep her there or forfeit the bequest.

When he had settled these concerns he shot himself.—Such were the dreadful effects of the wife's imprudence, and the husband's jealousy.

The

The affair, you may be sure, makes a great deal of noise here.—But now we are upon the subject of jealousy—accept of the following story, the names are disguised, the facts are authentic.

The affair, you may be sure, is
 a great deal of noise here—But now
 we are upon the subject of the
 accept of the following, the
 names are dignified, the letters are
 the most

THE
HORRORS OF JEALOUSY,
A
S T O R Y
FOUNDED ON FACTS,
AND
INSCRIBED TO BOTH SEXES.

Dreadful effects of jealousy—a rage
In which the wife with caution will engage,
Reluctance, long and tardy to believe,
Till sway'd by nature we ourselves deceive,

THE
HOLMORS & LEALOUS
A
T O R
FOUNDED ON FACTS
AND
ADDED TO BOTH SEXES

THE
HOLMORS & LEALOUS
A
T O R
FOUNDED ON FACTS
AND
ADDED TO BOTH SEXES

THE
HORRORS OF JEALOUSY.

CAMILLA was a young lady who had many admirers, but the most of her attention seemed for a long time to be divided between two, whom we shall call Calistus and Flavio; her affections were indeed engaged to the former, but she chose to trifle away some time with the latter (a practice but too frequent) before she consented to give her hand to his rival. At length, however, she became the wife of Calistus, and for some time thought herself very happy in being so—but

before a year had elapsed, she thought she had some reason to complain that his affections cooled towards her. Calistus was a man of trade, he had met with some considerable losses in business, at the same time he had received news of the death of a friend and near relation, and these things lying heavy upon his spirits, were most probably the source from whence this apparent alteration took its rise.

But Camilla, used to an extreme of tenderness and attention, could not allow of the least abatement: She first set herself to work secretly, to enquire whether her husband had not

placed his affections elsewhere. Calpurnius was free and open in all his conduct, which was easily enough investigated, and on the nicest enquiry it appeared, that there was no ground for such a suspicion.—Yet Camilla was not contented to find, or even to imagine herself slighted, though she had a rival.

Plautilla was the favourite friend and confidant of this lady: to her she discovered her griefs, and was by her advised to rouse her husband from this his supposed apathy, by substituting an imaginary rival. Fatal advice, which was but too strictly followed by
the

the infatuated Camilla : she resolved to put this innocent deception on her consort, and for this purpose she unluckily pitched upon Flavio, who had formerly supposed himself a favourite lover, having purposely met him at a public place, and perceiving him to be still her admirer, she suffered him to wait on her home, and gave him sufficient encouragement to visit her again at another time. Then he introduced himself to Calistus, by dealing with him in his business, and as the former was not of a very suspicious nature, soon received an invitation to his house. Here he was afterwards frequent enough in his attendance, till

at

at last his assiduities to the lady, and her manner of receiving them, soon became visible enough to every one. And Calistus even heard these things remarked abroad, before he began to make himself uneasy about them at home.

It was with pleasure that his wife at last perceived his growing anxiety, and even ventured to rally him upon it, but she found him not so insensible as she had supposed; he was not of a constitution to break out into sudden gusts of passion, but a sullen silence witnessed his displeasure. His lady in the mean time continued trifling with

her admirer, till his presuming to take improper freedoms, first occasioned some sharp rebukes on her side, and at length an absolute breach between them. At the same time being vexed at some things which he said in his anger, she was imprudent enough to hint, that she had used him only for her purpose to serve a turn. All this she did in confidence of her own innocence, but she did not find it enough to protect her.

Flavio, disappointed in his aim, and vexed to find himself only made, as he expressed it, "The cat's paw to a woman's resentment." Meditated a

base

bafe and wicked revenge. He was much given to vain-boasting—and he now refolved to indulge this propensity at the lady's expence. He fcrupled not to declare that he had received favours from her, the difcontinuance of which was owing to fome new attachment.

These things were foon reported, with aggravations, from one to the other, till at laft they reached the ears of Califtus, whose patience being now exhausted, he deemed his fhame complete, and a thoufand times reproached himfelf with his own forbearing temper. The firft refolution his anger fuggeded, was to facrifice his rival to his revenge;
but

but he was gone into the country. The next thing therefore that he determined was, to examine every circumstance as fully as possible; and if he found himself abused, to put an end to his shame and dishonour, by sending his wife back with infamy to her friends, and obtaining a legal divorce.

Unfortunately Camilla had so managed this scheme, that she had not one witness to prove her innocence; her own domestics being prejudiced against her by appearances, and even Plautilla, who advised her to follow this plan, believing, or affecting to believe, that she carried it farther than
a mere

a mere deception, an opinion which she was good natured enough by many hints to communicate.

In short, thus situated, Camilla was but little the better for any defence she could make, and though her husband thought he could not obtain a divorce on any evidence he could produce in a court of justice, yet he separated himself from her, and gave such reasons to her friends for his procedure, as entirely robbed her of her reputation, and soon after of her life, as from that fatal period her health decayed, a slow fever preyed upon her spirits, and she became subject to frequent

quent fits ; and at length died in the 25th year of her age, a victim to her own imprudence. Her husband challenged Flavio, who refused to meet him, and going abroad, eluded his vengeance. From that time he never enjoyed a moment's happiness, his affairs went to ruin ; he became a bankrupt, and at last killed himself by a course of excesses, to which before he had been a stranger.—As to Flavio, it is yet uncertain what is become of him ; a few years since he was alive in the East Indies ; but embarking on a voyage in one of the country vessels, in which he had a considerable property, neither the ship nor he have since

since been heard of; so that it is concluded that the whole crew either perished at sea, or fell into the hands of pirates.

Sir James Belmont has read this tale, for it was given to me in writing; when he returned it I found some judicious observations annexed to it, which I have transcribed, as I have no doubt but you will subscribe to them.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE PASSION OF

J E A L O U S Y.

IT is an old maxim, “that there is no love without jealousy,” and some women seem to have carried the maxim so far, as to draw from thence this mistaken conclusion, that he loves most who is most jealous, and in consequence of acting from such principles, have voluntarily made themselves miserable; but, it may not be amiss to observe, that this deduction is absolutely false, if indeed by jealousy, no
more

more were meant than a strong propensity to keep the beloved object entirely to one's self, the maxim might be just enough; but this is not all, for in jealousy, there is blended with this propensity, too strong a mixture of suspicion, and hence it follows, that not the most loving, but the most suspicious persons, are in reality the most jealous.

Now if this be the case, as it is certainly much easier to prevent a disease than to cure it, women should be careful not to trust the happiness of their lives with such as are remarkably and unreasonably jealous, even
before

before marriage. When this jealousy is once discovered to be woven with their natural disposition.—I am indeed ready enough, to allow that, whether any love can exist without jealousy or not, no jealousy can exist without love, but what comfort will this administer, if its effects are as bad as those of hate? and how little does it signify, if you are to be unhappy, by which of these passions you are to be made so?

These hints, well improved by such as give themselves time to enquire into the temper and disposition of their suitors, may perhaps prevent some of those

those unhappy marriages which are yet founded upon love ; but when the indissoluble knot is tied, a woman will find she must act upon far different plans and principles.—The time of probation is then over, and if she finds that the husband has still the jealousy of the lover, when he is deprived of that plausible excuse, the danger of seeing the beloved object united for ever to another, she will find the most scrupulous and cautious conduct necessary, either to cure her consort of his suspicions, or to bear with patience those ills, which they must unavoidably occasion.

And here I cannot help taking notice of the maxims adopted by some people, of attempting to cure men of these suspicions, by giving them false grounds to exercise them upon; which (say they) must, when all things are cleared up, render them ridiculous to themselves, and thereby stand a good chance to put an end to such suspicions in future.

But this is a dangerous experiment, and if it should once fail, the female who practises it may bid adieu to all hopes of conjugal happiness for ever; as she will shut up every door to reconciliation, and will lose her peace
and

and character together. Is not this too great a hazard to risque upon so uncertain a chance as that of a prejudiced and suspicious man's returning to the right use of his reason; and after all, will not he conclude, that the woman who could practice one deceit (though never so innocent in itself) may also practise another whenever it shall suit her purpose.

A chaste and spotless life therefore, a reserved and irreproachable deportment, with a most evident preference of her husband to all other men, and a constant and uniform conduct, unshaken by false opinions, unmoved by

unworthy suspicions; these should mark the character of that woman, who is so unhappy as to have a jealous husband. She must avoid too great a familiarity even with familiar friends, and affect no diversions of which her husband cannot partake. Above all things she must seem to have no secrets, and avoid in all her conduct the least appearance of art and design, even though it should be used to secure his love and good opinion. It must be owned the task is hard, yet it is such as must be submitted to by those women who think it at all worth their while to reclaim a jealous husband, or conciliate his esteem and affections.

Indeed, a man who is jealous, must be treated in a great measure as one who is distempered, and whose disorder requires the most cautious and tender treatment. At the same time it is to be remembered, that the distemper ought not easily to be given up as incurable. As it has been allowed, that though love may exist without jealousy, yet jealousy never can without love. So it has also been observed that this is a mixture of affection and suspicion : and it will be found to rise or subside in proportion as the one or the other sways the mind of the jealous person ; in consequence of which premises it follows, that the whole

secret lies in separating these two seemingly opposite principles, in obtaining the pure gold and leaving the dross behind; for which purpose the foregoing rules have been offered, which, if properly attended to, are the most likely to accomplish so desirable an aim, and to restore that conjugal happiness which has been broken in upon by such unworthy suspicions.

But before I dismiss this subject, I cannot help taking notice of the absurd attempts which some women have made to excite the spirit of jealousy in their husbands, merely because they
were,

were, or fancied themselves neglected by them. This, though in the eye of cool reason it seems little better than absolute infatuation, is a method which has been adopted even by persons otherwise sensible, who have suffered themselves to be persuaded into it by those whom they supposed to be their friends.

* * * * *

You knew and valued Mrs. Williams.—

Poor soul, she is no more ; I am sorry to introduce a melancholy subject, but am certain you would blame

me if I did not give you the information.

Besides, my heart is too full to write in a more chearful strain.

She is buried in St. Michael's church—a handsome stone is placed over her grave by her disconsolate husband, with the following inscription.

E P I T A P H.

In her the virtues all were found to blend
Of daughter, mother, faithful wife, and
friend :

But she is gone!—from death there's no
appeal.

What then must father, husband, children
feel ;

Yet

Yet comfort dawn, she is but gone before
To plead their cause, and open Mercy's
door.

Patient in suff'rings, calmly she withdrew,
And wing'd by faith to her Creator flew.

Now we are upon a melancholy
strain, you must understand that some
satirical verses in the form of a dia-
logue are handed about privately
here.

They are levelled against a certain
noble Nabob hunter lately deceased,
and are thought by some to have been
instrumental in stimulating him to

that rash action, which concluded his career, and precipitated him, with all his crimes about him, to an awful futurity.

O suicide what a crime art thou!—
to end existence with sin, and preclude repentance.

Those who in heavens offended face will
fly,
And snatch from fate the proper time to
die.

Give the immortal soul to endless chains,
And dwell, a sad eternity, in pains.

But take the lines, there is a great
ingenuity in them.

A M I D-

A

MIDNIGHT DIALOGUE.

H E.

MADAM, your hand I humbly kifs,
And with you ev'ry earthly blifs,
Which I'd contribute to this hour
If you'd but put it in my power.
My fortune is at your command ;
You have my heart, and here's my hand.
Shall I be happy, madam—say ;
You kill me hourly by delay.

S H E.

My Lord, I find by your address,
With too much haste you matters press.
Delays are dangerous—men declare,
And so in enterprize they are.

I 6

When

When fields you fight, or towers you storm,
 You act while the occasion's warm ;
 But where life's business is at stake,
 We should delay, for prudence sake.
 Reflections draw from seasons past,
 On present times observance cast,
 And thus for future times prepare ;
 Taught by experience, and by care ;
 Ruin on haste oftentimes depends,
 In woe precipitancy ends.
 My peace of mind still to preserve,
 From prudent rules I will not swerve.

H E.

Madam, your prudence I commend,
 And am to caution much a friend ;
 Join'd with your sense, I must confess
 Your charms have power to doubly bless ;

But

But pray what care, for caution's sake
 More than you've taken, can you take,
 My suit is not a vain pretence ;
 You know my fortune is immense.
 Name but your settlement, 'tis made,
 It shall be done as soon as said ;
 You'll find I am of good descent,
 My life in fields of honour spent.
 India's wide realms confess my fame,
 And *Delhi's* court resounds my name.
 My arms victorious well are known
 Throughout one half the burning zone ;
 No Asiatic kings could stand
 The force of my decisive hand ;
 The Great *Mogul* my prowess owns,
 And Nabobs tremble on their thrones ;
 Their armies all before me flew,
 Th' embattel'd elephants I slew :

Treasure

Treasure and fame in fields I bought,
 And honour to my country brought ;
 I have abroad wherewith acquir'd
 To purchase all by man desir'd ;
 And court favours beam confest
 In dazzling rays upon my breast ;
 If more objections still remain,
 I beg you would your doubts explain.

S H E.

My lord, then to reply to you,
 Admitting all you say is true,
 If in such things you place desert,
 Indeed they ne'er can touch my heart ;
 For rather than attack my love,
 Your suit they'd make me disapprove.

H E.

Since in your smiles alone, I live,
 If too much trouble 'twill not give

I'll

I'll crave yours reasons if you please—

S H E.

Those, I, my lord, can give with ease.
 You plead, my lord, your fortune's great,
 And by your gold your merit rate ;
 But, I, my lord, possess a soul,
 Which narrow notions ne'er controul.
 Riches, as riches, I despise,
 Unless the owner's good and wise ;
 The man that's suitable to me,
 To riches must add dignity.
 Nay, had you greater wealth to give,
 Than *Avarice* could e'er conceive,
 Than ev'n the bowels of the East,
 Could furnish for a miser's feast,
 The gift would much too trifling prove
 To gain my unambitious love ;
 My heart disint'rested and kind,
 Is not to narrow views confin'd.

He

H E.

If riches, which your sex admire,
 Cannot your soaring soul inspire,
 If you so, singular alone,
 Despise what others wish to own,
 You may attain a deathless name,
 By boldly slighting gold for fame.
 To thee my laurels I resign,
 My victories are this moment thine ;
 Hence shall immortal trophies crown
 Your love, which nobly seeks renown.
 Now Asia's victor you subdue,
 And I have conquered but for you ;
 The horrors of each deathless field,
 With pleasure I to passion yield.
 Accept my fortune and my name,
 And be ally'd to me and fame.

S H E.

My lord, you quite the thing mistake,
 I do not gold for fame forsake,

We

We women deal in nicer things
 "Than routing and dethroning kings."
 Soft music pleases far before
 The noisy drum and cannon's roar ;
 Of spilling blood, if you relate,
 We shudder at what you call great,
 And while you show a sanguine mind,
 We shun the cruel for the kind.
 Surpassing riches I admir'd,
 I'd wish to know how they're acquir'd.
 Oh, there my lord's—the stain—the blot?
 You've money—but how was it got?

H E.

Madam, I beg you would believe—

S H E.

Nay, my good lord, pray, give me leave;
 Should I your bed and riches share,
 Thinking would drive me to despair,
 Reflection

Reflection on the life you've spent,
 Such horrid scenes would represent,
 That I no happiness should find,
 But as to share your gold I join'd, }
 Should share the horrors of your mind ; }
 Each night most dreadful scenes would rise,
 And open on my mental eyes
 The murders of each Indian plain,
 The ghosts of million wretches slain,
 From ev'ry wound the blood would seem,
 When you appear'd a fresh to stream.

H E.

To paint such horrid scenes refrain,
 The whims and vapours of the brain.

S H E.

The canvas is not painted o'er,
 For much remains, alas, much more ;

Methinks

Methinks I see your martial host,
 Of whose great victories you boast ;
 What of them?—Why your camp's a den
 For savage brutes in shape of men,
 Commission'd murder'rs, who each day
 Spill blood for stipulated pay,
 And when the bloody carnage's o'er,
 Plunder—and hasten to seek for more ;
 Stride o'er each realm, the boldest tear,
 And drive the wretched to despair.
 But if the bloody flag was furl'd,
 And peace spread o'er the eastern world ;
 Still shocking spectacles arise
 Before imagination's eyes.
 When glitt'ring arms no more prevail,
 With speculation you assail ;
 By studied cruelty in trade
 An artificial famine made.

H E.

H E.

I beg you will your description cease—

S H E.

My lord, I'll finish first the piece.
For that poor food an infant cries,
Design'd barbarity denies.
Behold the helpless mother grieve
For woes, she can't alas, relieve ;
Till father, mother, child, and all
Are starv'd to death, and lifeless fall.

H E.

Madam, I beg—I must implore,
That you'll repeat such things no more ;
For other scenes when you are mine,
Before your eyes will brightly shine.
What place you with your presence grace,
Pleasure shall find the foremost place,

Or

Or where kind sleep shall close your eyes,
Soft dreams shall in your fancy rise,
Thoughts of the court, the ball, the play,
Shall sweetly pass the night away,
Or else you'll some new dress explore,
And count your matchless jewels o'er.

S H E.

My lord, whene'er to sleep inclin'd,
Should jewels enter in my mind,
I should in thought the owners see,
Come to demand their property.
Say—"For this, for this I died,
"To gratify that monster's pride;
"But I'll torment him while he's breath,
"And not forsake him after death."
Then vanishing with dismal screams
He leaves us to our horrid dreams;

Then

Then you'll from sleep in terror start,
 And cry—"He's stab'd me to the heart."
 While such a conscience you must bear,
 My lord, your bed I'll never share;
 Nor with a man could e'er be blest,
 Who carries hell within his breast.

A DES-

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
BATH,
AND
BATH AMUSEMENTS.

WILSON

H. T. A. B.

ST. LOUIS

A

DESCRIPTION OF BATH, &c.

THE city whence I have the pleasure to write to you, is undoubtedly one of the most elegant, pleasant, and convenient spots in Europe, for you may in a quarter of an hour change the most romantic solitary scene into croud, bustle, splendor, music, dancing, and various amusements. In the Pump-room, where the company meet from seven to ten in the morning, to drink the water, and settle the state of the nation for that day, there is a good band of music, which plays from eight

to ten; the Pump-room is too small for the company, and the ascending to it by a flight of steps is inconvenient for invalids.

Here are two public buildings for the nobility and gentry, to meet, dance, and play at cards in, they are open alternately, and there is a ball at each once a week, the rooms take their names from their respective owners, they are kept open by a public subscription. And the giving it at either of the assembly-houses, entitles you to the use and amusements of both.—Each consists of three rooms, where you are sure of meeting a
great

great deal of company every morning and evening. There is no place in the world where a person may introduce himself on such easy terms to the first people in Europe, as in the rooms at Bath ; if you are fond of cards, you may make any party you please, or if you chuse to lounge, chat, dance, or sit down, there is no eye of observation to restrict you.

Forty years ago Bath was one third less than it is now, the season was not longer than two months, the concourse of people very small to what we see at present, the buildings old, and the accommodation very indif-

ferent. The change is wonderfully for the better ; there is a very full season for six months in the year at least. I should rather say two seasons : one in winter, which begins to be pretty full the last week in September, and does not lessen till about a fortnight before Christmas : the other in spring, which begins the latter end of February, and is quite at an end the beginning of June, at which time I am told that the place is as warm as the West Indies.

During the season the croud is amazing ;—the new streets are very noble ; one of the wings of Queen-square is
the

the grandest I ever saw, and it would be much more so, were the garrets concealed by a handsome parapet wall. The Circus, so denominated from its circular figure, is beyond description magnificent, the houses are uniform, ornamented with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian pillars, rising one above the other. The Doric frieze is very elegant, but they have forgotten the Ionic, so that the space looks naked.

The white stone, of which all the houses in this city are built, contributes much to its grandeur and elegance. There are large quarries of it very near, and when it is first dug up,

it may be cut with ease, being very soft, but it hardens with being exposed to the weather. The bason in the middle of the Circus is mean, and ought to be covered over, the ascent from the square to this superb place up Gay-street is very noble and pleasing.

Europe no where affords a more delightful retreat for the young and old, healthy and infirm, than this little city. The inns all round it, even from London, and so on to Exeter, are excellent; the roads are in fine order; the markets afford the best sort of provisions, particularly fish at
a very

a very moderate rate, the lodgings and accommodations are no where to be equalled, whether we consider them in point of conveniency or cheapness. The waters, which are hot, are truly balsamic, and sovereign in many chronic disorders, complaints of the stomach, gouts, rheumatisms, &c. Here are plays, music, cards, balls, and so many different amusements, that you may truly call it the regions of pleasure.

The hospital, is a good building, not more than five and twenty years standing, supported by voluntary subscrip-

tion, and calculated for the reception of above a hundred patients, all of whom must labour under some infirmities that requires the use of the Bath waters, otherwise they cannot be admitted.

Here are two or three other small charitable foundations of little note, properly endowed, one of which is appropriated to the use of lepers, another to that of ideots, and another serves for an asylum for decayed inhabitants ; but there being no infirmary, consequently no immediate relief for patients labouring under other diseases, without having the means of supporting

ing themselves, or procuring assistance; a body of gentlemen, including those of the faculty, some years since, voluntarily united, and opened a subscription for their relief, which has been of great benefit to the poor. Their plan is entirely the pauper's scheme.

This scheme, which, at first only gave relief to the poor in cases of sickness, was in 1764 extended to those whose case required chirurgical assistance, and to the great honour of the surgeons, as well as the rest of the gentlemen of the faculty in this city, be it spoken, they have not only given

gratis, their close and unwearied attention to the care of the objects under their inspection, but voluntarily subscribed their monies respectively to support it.

The more this scheme is considered, the more will appear its benefit to the industrious poor; and let me not be thought vain, if I say the more happy am I to be in a situation that gives me influence to recommend its utility.

This winter it occurred to me that a concert breakfast might be a proper method of improving the fund of this
charity

charity when low, without giving the public reason to complain of being burthened anew, I communicated my thoughts to some gentlemen who reside here, and of whose benevolence I had no reason to doubt, and they, on consideration, not only approved of the scheme, but put it into immediate execution, with such zeal and goodness of heart that the fund was thereby increased beyond our warmest hopes, and much to their honor.

Thus has been introduced a precedent for easily assisting a charity, the good consequence of which will plainly appear in its having relieved,

in the space of two years and a half, 4379 patients, many of whom laboured under the most dangerous fractures and contusions, for a cure of which they must have been removed to Bristol, and one third of them perhaps have perished miserably on the road, whereas they are by these means preserved alive, and are valuable members of the community.

The amazing and numerous cures done in the Bath hospital, cures of the greatest consequence to mankind, and the very useful ones performed under the patronage of this scheme, call for the warmest support of the wealthy, humane, and benevolent.

Here are three churches and three chapels for celebrating divine service, according to the established church of England, and different places of worship for Presbyterians, Quakers, and other sectaries.

The Abbey Church is a very noble Gothic pile, said to be above a thousand years old : there are several neat monuments in it, most of them modern, and a good ring of bells, which are often made use of.—If the number of invalids that want ease and rest be considered, and who are disturbed sometimes two or three times a day, by their being rung out, to signify the
arrival

arrival of some new comer, who has a guinea to throw away ; for the ringers expect a fee for this unsought kindness. There is an exceeding fine organ in this church, the organist is reckoned by judges of music, to be not only an able performer, but an excellent composer. I need not tell you that Bath and Wells, which are twenty miles asunder, are united in one bishoprick.

The mayor's music will also get to your lodgings, in spite of your teeth, and strike up a tune close to your chamber door, to your annoyance and astonishment, let your state of health be ever
so

so bad, and this can only be stopped by a piece of money. Custom has established them in these disagreeable privileges, which it is to be hoped, consideration will abolish.

If the Abbey Church, and particularly the western front and window, which is very spacious, be admired for light and grandeur, St. Michael's, which has been lately rebuilt, must no less excite astonishment for its clumsiness and disproportion; the architect's want of taste and judgment, is too conspicuous to escape the most indifferent eye.

The

The King's Bath is fed by several different springs, one of which rises about the center, and is said to be much better than the rest; therefore, called the kitchen.

Here are seats of stone round this bath, and several of wood in the center, set about a kind of pillar—which is adorned with ribbons, and crutches of people who have received benefit from the waters.

The Queen's Bath, adjoining, is supplied from hence, therefore not so warm. I should tell you, there is a wretched Statue of King Bladud, in
a niche

a niche in the wall of this bath, setting forth that he was the first discoverer of the efficacy of the waters; eight hundred and sixty years before *Christ*. There is a much better bath near the South-west wall of the City; which from the temper of the water, is called the hot bath, from hence a private bath for Lepers is supplied, which is taken great care of, and the water constantly carried off by drains into the river.

The Cross Bath, which gave name to this quarter of the town, is very near the Hot Bath, and was the bathing-place of King James's Queen,
1687.

1687. In commemoration of which honour, the Earl of Melfort, then Secretary of State, erected in the middle of it a monument crowned with a cross, and enriched with diverse pieces of marble, inscriptions, and emblematic sculptures, which I never had the curiosity to examine.

That the city of Bath was a Roman station, no person skilled in antiquity makes any doubt, and in digging some time ago among the ruins of an old building, called the Abbey-house. On an estate of the late Duke of Kingston's were found many pieces of antiquity, particularly
the

the remains of some ancient baths and sudatories, on which foundation his Grace built others upon the most convenient and elegant plan, and one of the greatest utility here.

On entering the pump-room about eight in the morning, the vapour that arises from the King's Bath will surprise you, for it is very thick, and the water boils up as it were a large cauldron. The bathing times are from six to nine in the morning, during which, you will see many objects, whose infirmities must compel a tear from the eye of compassion, and humble the proudest heart ; alas !
how

how weak, how insignificant the human frame, when the out stretched hand of Omnipotence bows it beneath infirmity and disease. How fading is beauty; how futile strength; how withered the vigour of youth, when touched by the hand of divine wrath.

The streets of the city are so narrow, that two carriages can scarcely pass one another; and the main street as you enter it from London, is blocked up by the town-hall, which was built by Inigo Jones, above an hundred years ago. There are many schemes spoken of for improving the city, and widening the avenues,

avenues, and public places. In the main room of the the town-hall, are portraits of the late Prince and Princess of Wales, and the late Mr Nash, together with that of the late general Wade, who represented Bath in parliament, and of all his constituents, on account of their having been unanimous in their election.—Would not the money they cost, have been better laid out in charity?

Among the amusements of this place, one might expect races at the end of the spring season. It seems they were once encouraged here, but for some particular reason of the late
Mr.

Mr. Allen's, laid aside.—Claverton affords a noble space of ground for such diversions, as well as excellent stables, which were, I suppose erected for that very purpose. I will not enter into an examination of the arguments that may be made use of against them; I know they are many, but the advantages would certainly outweigh the disadvantages.

F I N I S.

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